witcht with the rogues company. If the rascal haue not giuen me medicines to make me loue him, Ile be hangd: it could not be else, I haue drunke medicines, *Poines*, *Hal*, a plague on you both. *Bardoll*, *Peto*, Ile starue ere Ile rob a foot further: and t'were not as good a deed as drinke, to turne true man, and to leaue these Rogues, I am the veriest Varlet that euer chewed with a tooth: eight yardes of vneuen ground, is threescore and ten miles afoot with me; and the stony hearted Villaines know it well enough, a plague vpon it when theeues cannot be true one to another. *They whistle.*
Whew, a plague vpō you all, giue me my Horse, you rogues, Giue me my Horse, and be hangd.

Prin. Peace ye fat guts, lie downe, lay thine eare close to the ground, and list if thou can heare the tread of Trauellers.

Falſ. Haue you any leauers to lift me vp again being down? Zbloud, Ile not beare mine owne flesh so far afoot againe for all the Coyne in thy Fathers Exchequer: what a plague mean ye to colt me thus?

Prince. Thou lieſt, thou art not colted, thou art vncolted,

Falſ. I prethee good Prince *Hal*, helpe mee to my horse, Good Kings sonne.

Prince. Out you Rogue, shall I be your Ostler?

Falſ. Go hang thy selfe in thine owne Heire apparant Garters: if I be tane, Ile peach for this: and I haue not Ballades made on all, and sung to filthy tunes, let a cup of Sacke be my poyson: when ieast is so forward, and afoot too, I hate it.

Enter Gads-hill.

Gad. Stand. *Fal.* So I doe againſt my will.

Poin. O tis our setter, I know his voice: *Bardol* what newes?

Bar. Case yee, case ye; on with your Vizards, ther's mony of the Kings comming downe the hill, tis going to the Kings Exchequer.

Falſ. You lie you rogue, tis going to the Kings Tauerne.

Gad. There's enough to make vs all.

Falſ. To be hanged.

Prince. You foure shall front them in the narrow Lane: *Ned Poines* and I, will walke lower; if they scape from your encounter, then they light on vs.

Peto.

Peto. But how many be th
Gad. Some eight or ten.
Falſ. Zounds, will they no
Prince. What? a coward S
Falſ. Indeed I am not *Joh*
yet no coward, *Hal.*
Prince. Well, weele leaue
Poynes. Sirra *Iack*, thy hor
thou needest him, there thou
Falſ. Now cannot I strike
Prince. *Ned*, where are ou
Poines. Heere hard by sta
Falſ. Now my maisters, h
man to his busines.
Enter the
Tra. Come neighbor, th
the hill, weele walke a foote
Theeues. Stay.
Falſ. Strike, downe with t
horseson caterpillars! Bacon
downe with them, fleece the
Tra. O, we are vndone, b
Falſ. Hang ye gorbellied
chuffes, I would your store
ye knaues? yong men must
weele iure ye yfaith.
Heere they rob
the Princ
Prince. The theeues hau
thou and I rob the theeues
be argument for a weeke,
iest for euer.
Poines. Stand close, I he
Enter the th
Falſ. Come my masters,
fore day: and the *Prince* &
theres no equity stirring, th
than in a wild Ducke.

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